A Study in Contrasts.

Where the Children of New York Take Their Outings.

You may look through a dozen histories of New York, and you won't find so much as a passing notice of Mulberry Bend. There are copious illustrations of Riverside Drive and Central Park, but one of the most picturesque breathing places—what some one has called the lungs of the city—has been entirely overlooked. Even President Roosevelt in his book entitled "New York" has ignored this East Side square, the typical rendezvous of the other world, about which the frequenters of the more fashionable parks know little.

Yet Mulberry Bend, small as it is, affords to the colorist one of the most interesting bits of New York. One requires little imagination to believe oneself in a typical Latin village, for the Manhattan of the Anglo-Saxon is separated by many blocks from Mulberry Bend and by the greater distance of intervening language, customs and costumes.

The houses about it are tinted yellow, green, pink, like the stucco-painted residences of the Continent, across which in this summer weather trail sweeping vines—wanderers like their owners—or against whose surface flame brilliant colored flowers placed on the iron railings of the fire escapes, the latticed tracings of whose black lines furnish the only shadow in a picture of high lights and tropical blooms.

From the windows flaunt bits of clothing, orange kerchiefs, scarlet petticoats, purple and green draperies. Occasionally, a spotless bit of muslin, a window curtain, floats in the soft breeze which tempers the mid-afternoon sun. On the roofs or zig-zagged against the façades of these tinted homes long lines of laundered clothes add their mite to the general artistic mise en scène.

Down in the streets below, unbroken lines

AN INNOVATION IN MULBERRY BEND.

of pushcarts hedge about the sidewalk rims with prismatic hues backgrounded with cooling green things which sprout and spring from all sorts of unexpected crevices and corners. Great bunches of flowers are interspersed; queer vegetables, foreign to the American housekeeper, great striped gourds, beans as big as horse-chestnuts, feathery Italian plants which, crushed in the fingers, exhale a soft perfume like sea-grass, fruits which have had their moment of perfection and now bear to the eye of the observer the mark of inward decay, but still to the careless glance have the lusciousness of the overripe—be it fruit or feminine.

At one end of the open square rises a heavily built structure of stone, so compactly put together, so different from the ephemeral structures surrounding it, that to the cynical it might suggest a desire on the part of the architect to prevent its uninvited removal. It is here that occasionally a band plays on summer evenings, and in the daytime the structure serves as a belvedere to the curious.

In the park below is the unending ebb and flow of the flotsam and jetsom thrown on our shores by the wide Atlantic. There are young men and maidens, old men and babes, ghosts of beauty, usefulness and happiness.

On the bench sit a facsimile of the trio of old women familiar to the Broadway shopper, who, in bright handkerchiefs and checked aprons, sit on the sidewalk all day and offer their knitted laces. Now they are hob-nobbing, seamed cheek against ready eyes as they discuss what, and whom?

Groups of shabby men smoke the inevitable pipes which never seem to go out and never seem to be lighted, but, like the ever-living flame in the dim recesses of a church, burn on forever and forever. Lovers careless of observers, even of the bluecoated guardians of peace, walk hand in hand and murmur the soft syllables of their mother tongue.

At one end, near the small fountain, which in its pettiness suggests to the questioner the fact that the city fears wholesale laundering or bathing if larger opportunity were given, sit a couple of artists with sketching pads. Near them is a typical Weary Willie whose appearance on any stage would be welcomed for his make-up and criticised for its grotesque exaggeration.

PLAYING AUTOMOBILE.

One of the sketchers beckons a small boy, and anxious for conversation asks:

"Where can I get watermelon?"

"Over there," and he points a grimy thumb, while his thin lips quiver at the suggestive tone.

"What would it cost me fo get a slice?"

"It's a centaslice."

All of a sudden the shrieks of Weary Willie flay the air. Whatever else he had lost in his downward career he has held firmly, it would seem, to his sense of humor, and the incongruity of the well-gowned, picture-hatted young woman with the scene his mind's eye paints is too much. He laughs and gurgles and laughs again.

He repeats her question over and over: "Good Lord! a slice of watermelon! Good Lord! Good Lord! A centaslice for her!"

He rocks up and down and back and forth like a ship in a gale.

His hat falls off and the tobacco drops from his pipe while he loses all sense of the dramatic unities, time, place and action in a carouse of mirth. It looks for a while as if the ambulance, stationed at the further end of the park, would have to be called into requisition.

Finally Weary Willie wipes his humid eyes on his coat sleeves and, half ashamed at the attention he has attracted, strolls away.

The eye wanders from this bit of realism and reads lettered signs: "Bianca Ligniti," "Banca Giordi," "M. Magnori, l'Eco d'Italia." The hand organs are playing, one the "Intermezzo," one "Violets," and from a nearby window a thin falsetto sings:

Addio, mia bella Napoli,
Addio, addio!
La tua suave imagine
Che mai, che mai, scordar potra.

It is all very foreign, very unusual, very un-American, and yet it is in the midst of the city unnoted and undreamed of by most of those whose daily tasks and outing are within certain circumscribed limits.

But the chief interest of Mulberry Bend Park centres in the children. Alien is written all over the stunted bodies, and in the dark lustrous eyes one reads memories of the land they have never seen, prenatal homesickness.

They lack all the soft rotundity of the native Italian born, and all the vitality of the American young. They are mere transitions, without physical or mental standpoint—sufferers by exile, interesting in their possibilities alone, queer weeds which may survive by some inherent strength or happy circumstance, or become choked by the selfishness of the sterner growths which will overpower them.

There are no groups turning handsprings and cartwheels for the edification and cents of the onlookers. There are no base-ball nines and rough-and-tumble sports.

Groups of three, four or five sit contentedly on the benches, hour after hour, with a bag of peanuts, a doll, a bit of colored paper, or, actuated by some sudden, vital impulse, trundle a hoop, or wheel one or two of their playmates in a soapbox on wheels. There is no conversation among them, none of the happy chatter of irresponsible childhood which talks for the mere sake of hearing the voice.

Typical of their inability to fit themselves into the changes of climate and customs, is the sled which in their hands has no meaning as regards season. They are drawing it over the walks of the path, its worn runners grating like sharpened slate pencils on the sensibilities of the lookers-on. To them winter means little, for they have the inheritance of eternal summer in their veins.

A humorist has asserted that the term Mulberry Bend refers to the legs of the children of Little Italy, and, surely, the term is not a misnomer, so applied. Bow-legged little creatures flit across the field of vision on their toddling excursions to seek the sheltering arms of some little father whose day is devoted to keeping the younger children out of mischief and danger.

These little fathers, when not so employed or when not emulating their American contemporaries in amusements, sell newspapers in the same listless spirit they employ in their amusements. Occasionally one disposes of *Il Telegrafo* and is the quiet envy of his kind, who rarely push in and try to oust him from his prospective sale as is the way with newspaper boys the city over.

Boot-blacking is the extravagance of Mulberry Bend. Hatless, collarless, with elbows and knees seeking the air, yet the

ALONG RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

park frequenters must have now and then a shine. Just why is unwritten in the annals of Little Italy, but have it they must and do.

Weary Willies unshaven, with matted locks and bleared eyes, sit calmly ruminant while the bootblack expends as much care and attention on his wide boots as though they were the dapper parent leathers of upper Fifth avenue. Fashion, it seems, has its peculiarities there as elsewhere.

It is not safe for the stranger to ask for a shine. By some method of unreason, the bootblack fraternity concludes that having had one shine, you must desire another and another, and the wanderer into Little Italy will be surrounded by a waiting horde of bootblacks just as soon as he has beckoned one of the number to his side.

There is great care expended on the shoes. They are blacked and then the blacking is wiped off and they are blacked again. Again is the polish removed with soft cloths and again they are blacked, and all this is done in a desultory way as if time, like the sun in Ajalon, were standing still, or if it were not—what matter?

A shine costs only three cents at Mulberry Bend and you can buy three boxes of matches for a cent. Life offers no distracting problems of expenditure. It is all very simple.

At the meeting of Fifth avenue and Seventy-ninth street is what is popularly known as the Children's Gate. The name fitly describes this entrance, for it seems to be the favorite pathway for the hundreds of children who now make Central Park their playground.

These children are a step along from the little ones at Mulberry Bend—a long step. They represent the great middle class of New York, and the middle class in a great American city is elastic in its boundary.

It ranges from the respectable artisan to the man who lives in a handsome apartment, keeps one or two servants and sends his children to college. It is the children of these parents who meet in the great tide which flows in through the Children's Gate.

Compared with the children of the Bend they are individually more attractive, more human and more interesting to the student of human nature. They meet

ONE OF THE "LITTLE FATHERS."

one half way without either stolidity or embarrassment.

"His name must be Jimmy," said a young woman to a strange child, one of the little mothers of the better class, who sat holding her heavy charge on her knee. "No one with red hair and hide-and-seek freckles like that could have any other name."

"No," and the bright eyes meet her interlocutor's frankly, "his name is Harold Edward and he isn't mine. I just borrowed him."

To have asked such a question in Little Italy would have elicited no response save a stare and a muttered monosyllable.

The children's costumes here are less effective and less of the open-work variety. They suggest the home-made clothes, the ready-made suits of department stores or the more or less artistically designed, hampered by conventions. White is the prevailing effect, with grays, tans, light beige shades, but without the broad dashes of brilliant coloring of the East Side.

Great sweeps of velvet turf, and Gothic arches of feathery trees form the background against which the vital elements of American boyhood and girlhood hurl themselves in the mere mad joy of living, in these days not too warm for mirth. Their games are interesting and furnish exciting mixtures of strength and skill.

They play ball, trundle hoop, fly kites—when there is a little breeze—play tag, London Bridge, shinny, duck on the rock, all the games endeared for generations to the young. There is always some continuity of thought in what they do, always something of interest even to the onlooker. Occasionally, too, one witnesses the results of the quick imagination, which is one of the typical qualities of the American child and is sadly lacking in their contemporaries of the East Side.

Little processions of carnival-attired children wind in and out. May Queens, a little belated as to season, still hold a mimic court. A group of little girls sit down and exchange confidences with their dolls. When the policeman comes, as come he does occasionally, and drives them off the grass with gruff accents and a well, trained manner of never looking behind to see if his orders are obeyed, the children jeer, disobey and then give imitations of the policeman and his courtship of one of the many nurse maids.

At a distance from all these merrymakers sits a lonely little boy. His quietness and aloofness suggest the habits of the Mulberry Bend children, but it is a different withdrawal and instead of stolidity his isolation suggests a mind whose sensitiveness may be his reward or his eternal pain.

"I will ask Sam," he answers in response to an invitation to walk.

"Sam?" and then shyly, "I never go anywhere without asking Sam."

He is quiet a little while and then looking with adorable sweetness from his big brown eyes to the questioner's face.

"I can go with you now. Sam says I am to go."

The questioner does not need to ask. She has too had her Arcadie, her dreamland, where she met dream playfellows and played gently at love.

"You ask Sam everything?"

"Oh, yes, I never go away without telling him; he would be so hurt."

REFRESHMENTS BY THE WAY.

It is the great middle class, the children of which play in Central Park, who are to give the country its Presidents, its Senators, its financiers, its Judges and lawyers and doctors. It will give it poets, too, unless poets become more and more unnecessary as there seems to be danger, at present.

There is still one more place to be visited in the study of New York's children out for a summer day's airing. This is Riverside Park which skirts the river bank and has for an outlook the soft outline of the Jersey hills, melting from curve to lesser curve and so into a far-off horizon.

It is here that congregate the children of the newly rich and the children of the old families who are fortunate enough to have preserved capital which, in turn, preserves their traditions.

THE MULBERRY BEND.

They are dressed richly, in delicate laces, in chiffon, in elaborately designed garments, soft in texture and shade. Their games are suggestive. The favorite one is the game of automobile.

It is a toss up which is preferred, the rôle of owner or that of chauffeur. They display an astonishing knowledge of the technique of automobiling and occasionally one will condescend to play policeman and have a great deal to say about speed limit.

They are very careful to preserve their clothes from the wear and tear of rougher sport; not so much from a wish to save their mamma's pin-money as from inherent daintiness.

The little girls on Riverside play at going to receptions and discuss elaborate menus, ranging from bouillon to strawberry jam, and gravely compare notes on the gowns worn there and tell whether the awning across the sidewalk was blue or red striped.

There is a sharp contrast between the children of Mulberry Bend and those of Riverside and Central parks.

BUSINESS AND LEISURE.

THE WEST INDIES' ABLEST MAN

SO ARCHBISHOP NUTTALL OF JAMAICA IS CALLED.

He Is a Power Behind the Throne in England—British Cabinet Ministers Consult Him—Credited With Influence Even in the White House—Romance in His Life.

Dinner was over in a country house in the island of Jamaica. Among the guests were the Most Rev. Enos Nuttall, D.D., Archbishop of the West Indies and Bishop of Jamaica, and a well-known United States Senator.

"What do you think of our Archbishop?" the host asked the Senator over the coffee cups on the veranda.

"He is an exceedingly well-informed and interesting talker; his knowledge of American politics surprises me," replied the Senator.

"I thought it would," said the host. "His knowledge of everything surprises everybody who meets him. Everybody who talks with him is impressed; but few people are aware that he is one of the best statesmen and most influential men in the British Empire.

"He is unknown to fame except in these West Indian Islands, but he moulds British policy to an extraordinary extent, believe he has as much as, if not more real power than some of the British Cabinet Ministers."

The host was correct in his supposition. Archbishop Nuttall is often consulted by English statesmen. Joseph Chamberlain has the reputation of being about the last person to take advice from anybody, but he esteems Archbishop Nuttall's counsel highly, and is guided by it a great deal in his colonial policy. Even Lord Salisbury, when Premier and Foreign Minister, was not above getting the Archbishop's ideas and suggestions, and occasionally acting upon them.

These men keep in touch with him by correspondence, but sometimes, when there is a crisis in British affairs, they cable to Jamaica, asking him to come over to England and confer with them. Recently it became necessary to reorganize England's educational system, and do something to allay the bitter quarrel over ritualism in the Church of England.

Mr. Balfour and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York united in sending a cablegram to Dr. Nuttall begging him to take the next steamer to England and give them the benefit of his views. He did so, and the Educational bill, over which there has been so much controversy, was drafted on the lines he recommended.

His suggestions for allaying the ritualistic strife were also followed, with good results. The same kind of thing has happened several times before.

Anomalous as it may seem, this man is not ambitious. He will not leave his West Indian work for any preferment. The Church of England in Jamaica is disestablished and poverty stricken, and his stipend is, therefore, considerably less than £1,000 a year.

Some time ago, when Bishop Creighton died, Dr. Nuttall received an offer of the Bishopric of London from Lord Salisbury. The stipend of that see is £10,000 a year, and the post is second in importance only to that of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, to which it is often the stepping-stone, as it was in the case of Archbishop Temple.

There was great difficulty in filling the see satisfactorily. Lord Salisbury wanted one man, King Edward another, the Primate a third. Then somebody suggested the Archbishop of the West Indies, and all three agreed that he would be the best possible man for the position.

But when it was offered to him he refused it. Money and preferment offered no temptation to him. He liked his old work and poor pay in Jamaica better than £10,000 a year in London.

Dr. Nuttall is a remarkable man in many other ways. He was born in Yorkshire, of comparatively humble parentage, and rose to his high position in the English Church without any of the usual advantages of wealth, influential connections and special education.

He was a Wesleyan minister in his younger days, and was sent out to Jamaica as a missionary. There is a rule among Wesleyans in the West Indies that their ministers must not marry unless they have reached a certain position and income and obtained the approval of the ruling body in the Church.

Enos Nuttall fell in love, but could not get the requisite permission to marry, as he held an humble position at that time. He insisted on marrying without it, at the cost of leaving the Wesleyan community.

It was a good thing for him, and a good thing for the Anglican Church in the West Indies. He got a beautiful and charming wife, who has helped him greatly in his life work, and to whom he is devotedly attached, while the Church got a great leader.

Naturally, there was some prejudice against him in the Church after he became ordained as an Episcopal clergyman, but he soon conquered that, and rapidly became recognized as the ablest man, the best preacher, and the cleverest organizer the Church possessed.

When the Bishop of Jamaica retired, in 1880, his election to fill the vacant see was a foregone conclusion, and he was consecrated Bishop in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Oct. 28, 1880, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by many other prelates.

At that time the Church of England in Jamaica was in a bad way. Ten years before a law had been passed providing for its disestablishment and disendowment. It had grown very poor, and the stipends of many of the clergymen were barely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

It was a question whether the Church would not have to give up its work wholly or in part. But, under Bishop Nuttall's energetic rule, it rapidly increased in wealth, influence and usefulness. It is still poor, but he has placed it on a sound basis.

Some of the clergymen were not all that could be desired in holiness of life. The Bishop dealt with them sternly, turning them out of the Church despite protests from influential connections and important congregations.

Then, having got his own Church into order, he looked out for new fields to conquer. He saw that the Anglican churches in the various West Indian islands were isolated communities, having no connection or correspondence with one another, which is contrary to Anglican ideas.

By diplomacy he welded them into one strong, united Church. The new title of Archbishop of the West Indies was created, and Dr. Nuttall was the only possible man to whom it could be given.

The Bishops of Barbados, Trinidad, Antigua, British Guiana, Nassau and British Honduras are subject to him. That is to say, he is the highest ecclesiastical authority over all Great Britain's Colonies in the New World south of Canada.

He has succeeded in keeping this immense diocese absolutely free from the many quarrels which have agitated the Church of England within recent years. In the West Indies, under Dr. Nuttall's rule there is no ritualistic controversy, no strife over the Higher Criticism.

His success in ecclesiastical administration won the admiration of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain and many other English statesmen. This is how he has become a kind of mentor to the men who run the British Empire.

But these are not the only men whom he has advised or advise. He is recognized in Jamaica as the cleverest man in practically every line of business.

The officials, from the Governor downward, solicit his counsel in all their important undertakings. Few laws are passed, few policies decided upon, until they have received his indorsement.

When it was thought that Jamaica depended too much upon the American market for her exports, and had too few commercial links with her mother country, it was the Archbishop who induced Mr. Chamberlain to persuade the British Parliament to give a subsidy of $2,000,000 for the establishment of a steamship line to carry Jamaican bananas to England and create a new market for them there.

The negro peasants go to Dr. Nuttall for advice about the planting of their crops and the best way to get a good sale for them. Mulatto schoolmasters implore him to straighten out their difficulties with the parents of the children whom they teach.

Business men invite him to criticise and amend their schemes for the commercial development of Jamaica. Everybody looks up to him as the sovereign authority in all matters, big or little, and the one infallible critic and judge.

Archbishop Nuttall's ability is appreciated by many influential men in the United States. He was a friend of the late President McKinley and of James G. Blaine.

He visited Mr. McKinley once or twice at Washington during the latter's administration, and maintained a close correspondence with him. It is understood that he advised Mr. McKinley a good deal on the handling of the color question, on which he is an authority, owing to his long residence in the West Indies.

He has played a leading part in all the negotiations for tariff reciprocity between the British West Indies and the United States. He is a friend of Booker T. Washington, and has largely influenced the development of the work at Tuskegee and Hampton. He knows President Roosevelt well, and he is credited in some quarters with having brought the President and Mr. Washington together at the famous dinner at the White House.

Personally, Dr. Nuttall is a kindly, good-natured man, always ready to do a good turn for anybody, from the highest to the lowest. Many a young Englishman in Jamaica has been kept in straight courses by him, and put on the high road to success.

Many an honest, industrious negro peasant has been encouraged by his advice and help to work until he obtained an independent position in life. Many a black pickaninny in the Jamaican villages is petted by him on his pastoral visitations. He is easily the most popular, as well as the ablest, man in the West Indies.

SUPPLIED BY SLOT MACHINE.

British Won't Need Shops Soon—Even Machine Post Offices Over There.

London is having a bad attack of slot-machine fever. Its slot machines have multiplied from the original few which dispensed chocolate, stamps and cigarettes to a legion which sell everything, act as post offices and advertising agencies and generally try to supply all human wants.

The increase in the number and types has led Mr. Labouchere to inquire "Is the shopkeeper played out?" He expresses the belief that shaving, haircutting, shoe cleaning and art photography by slot machines must all come in time.

One company alone now has in service in London half a million machines of fifty or more different types. In the railway stations there are machines which supply candy, biscuits, preserved fruits, tobacco, stamps, matches, briar pipes, cigarettes, cigars and soft drinks.

Besides these things, there are in several stations automatic buffets, where all sorts of light refreshments and all sorts of drinks, hard and soft, are vended by slot machines, as in the place on Broadway in this city.

There is one huge machine called the Automatic Supply Store, which aims to supply most human wants. It delivers pastry, small groceries, candy, tooth brushes, powder, drugs, tobacco, stationery, collars and cuffs, neckties, socks, soap, towels and a few other things.

Another machine supplies umbrellas. You put two shillings (50 cents) in succession in the slot, press a spring, and get a serviceable and fairly good-looking protector from the rain.

But the most interesting of the machines put out so far is the *poste restante*. This is how it works:

You have an appointment, say, with John Jones at Paddington station at 5 o'clock. You find that you cannot keep it, and it is too late to apprise Jones of the fact by telegraphing to his home or office. You can't send a messenger, for he probably wouldn't find the right Jones.

So you despatch a telegram addressed "John Jones, Automatics, Paddington." The telegraph messenger delivers it to the machine which exposes the address behind the glass. Jones, finding that you don't appear at the proper time, looks in the machine and sees the telegram. He gets it by putting a penny in the slot.

The disadvantage is, of course, that anybody can get anybody else's message by putting in his penny. But the British public seems willing to take a chance of that.

A new machine is about to be launched now which goes even further than this. It is an advertising automaton.

If you want rooms, a servant or a situation, you are to advertise the fact in the machine for a penny. You write out your advertisement, put it in, with your penny and the machine displays it in your own writing. Whether this will be a success is doubtful; but it is to be tried.

After that, the slot-machine news stand and the automatic shoe shiner are expected to come along very soon.

CHAMOIS GLOVES FOR MEN.

They Are the Latest Summer Style and Have Advantages of Their Own.

Chamois skin gloves are the latest made for men and they seem likely to become a popular fashion after having struggled for two or three months to gain recognition.

Buff colored gloves are a novelty to which it is a little difficult to get accustomed, but the arrival of the warm weather and the persistent efforts of two or three determined wearers of the gloves have won a place for them.

They are not expensive, as they may be washed, and are not affected by perspiration to the same extent as other gloves. One pair may readily be washed two or three times without damage.

A most grotesque feature of these new gloves to some persons will be the fact that they are buttoned, not worn flopping about the wrists as has been the fashion with other kinds of gloves for the past two years. The chamois gloves are heavy or light in weight, according to the taste of the wearers, who agree that the heavier are the better.